the tomb of Mahommed Shah, the only spot of light amid the shades of that vast death chamber. Beside him rest his grandson, his young wife, and his elder one, but next to him, and nestling closest to his side, is the small tomb of Rhumba, the courtesan, who held the first place in his life.

Rhumba, the best beloved ot Mahommed Shah, the Merry Monarch, the Charles II. of India, whose sceptre swayed Southern India, whose capital was the size of Paris, whose tomb is the grandest on earth !

When the shades of night fill that vast mausoleum, and throw a pall of purple velvet over the tombs of the queens and the prince, then the last flickering light from the dying day rests on the tiny tomb of Rhumba. There are many of the fair and frail of whom men have known more. The scarlet life of Rhumba has not to my knowledge dyed the pages of even one western book. Yet no other courtesan in the world's history has been so honoured in death as this woman of the

Deccan, whose dust lies in Asia's greatest
mausoleum, in the company and in precedence
of two empresses, beside the mighty monarch
who loved her in life. Strange that the

world's